

Lounger's Miscellany.

NUMBER VII.

SATURDAY, JULY 12th, 1788.

*Valetudo sustentatur notitiâ sui corporis ; et observatione, quæ res aut pro-
prodesse soleant aut obeffe. —*

CICERO DE OFFIC. lib. ii. cap. 24.

*Health is preserved by considering the peculiar temper of ones body, and
observing what agrees, or does not agree with it.*

No WORDS are so contemptible, or so much to be disregarded as those uttered in excuse for debaucheries of any kind. There is no man but either really is, or at least thinks he is, master of himself: were any one to threaten him with blows, his courage would put him on the defensive, or his rashness would make him the aggressor; in either case, he is unwilling to let his adversary have the mastery. So ought he to do in every other action of life: it is a meanness de-capitating manhood to be guilty of a fault, and appear averse to making a confession.

HOWEVER inconsiderate some men may be in comparison to others, yet there is no one, who is permitted to be at large, so miserably senseless as to be unacquainted with what he is about. It would be as absurd a thing to find one man patiently bear a pinch without feeling it, as to see another give the pinch without knowing it. But so gross an improbability will not be acknowledged by the man of pleasure,

pleasure, whose life is so unreasonably conducted, as to oblige him to give the lie to the dictates of his own conscience. Accuse him of excess, and he will immediately have recourse to the stale apologies of — the conviviality of the company having drowned his reflection or — the master of the house having put him under contribution; neither of which will have their weight with a man of common understanding: the first arises from attributing social enjoyment to an improper source — the second, from a dishonourable intention of being pardoned at the expence of another's character. Pleasure, although it be the absence of pain, may be divided into two sorts, viz. the pleasure of the mind, and the pleasure of the body: these again may be subdivided into very minute parts; but confining it to these two, the one consist in the free use of the intellectual faculties, unclogged by reason's foes, inactivity and intemperance; the other, vulgarly, in the free use of every thing that can rid us of pain, such as excesses in eating and drinking, rioting, and debauchery in its common acceptation. The first may be called social pleasure, producing health and comfort to ourselves and others; the second, false pleasure, intailing infamy and sickness on its partaker and his companions.

SEEING that life is so little worth possessing without health, it is an extraordinary piece of perverseness that people will not be at the pains of courting it. There are many artificial means of obtaining it, if those, who are not already blessed with this indispensable comfort, would but put them in execution. Instances are not wanting of persons who have not only corrected the violence of their passions, but have recovered from a state of habitual sickness, by a due observance of the rules of sobriety. The memorials of former times have transmitted to us the history of a man, whose obedience to the laws of temperance and sobriety was so great, as to be unparalleled at that period; and our own times, though they may bring to our recollection lives of longer extension, yet on comparing them, the want of parallel remains. The name of this wonderful father of abstemiousness should be handed down to posterity with every mark of distinction that civic power can confer. No honours can be too great for him, who has taught the proud man humility, and the glutton
modera-



moderation; by whom the sick have gained health, and a miserable existence received a blissful protraction.

LEWIS CORNARO was born at *Venice*, somewhere about the year 1463, of illustrious parents, but being by some misfortune deprived of his titles as a nobleman, and of employment in the republic, he retired with disgust to Padua. Here he became acquainted with a lady of the name of Veronica, of the family of Spiltemberg, whom he married, and by whom he had Clara, an only daughter. Being in possession of considerable property, and wishing to perpetuate his name, he gave her in marriage to Fantini Cornaro, of the Island of Cyprus, while that island was subject to Venice. Although he was considerably advanced in years at the time his daughter came into the world, yet he lived long enough to see her old, and the mother of eight sons and three daughters. He was, in the advance of life, a man of great understanding, and resolute to a proverb, having, with the most determined courage, abandoned the companions of his intemperance, and subdued the inordinacy of his passions. By a strict regimen in his diet he restored health and vigour to his shattered constitution; and at an extreme old age, blessed future generations with the *sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life*. This treatise was written in Italian, and published by the author at Padua, in the year 1558, so that he must have been considerably advanced in age.

INDEED he lived some time after this, for he did not die till he had passed his hundredth year; when he retired from the miseries of this world without a groan, like one falling into a sound sleep.

So useful and sensible an essay almost demands a transcription from the original; but the limits of a periodical paper of this nature, will scarcely admit of an epitome: however, a breviary of his rules cannot possibly be omitted.

IT is as difficult for a weak constitution to be made a strong one, as it is for a strong constitution to be preserved from decaying: both difficulties may be removed by the self-same means — sobriety and regularity.

As art may exempt a man from numberless diseases, so may it rid him of predominant passions. I had a choleric disposition from my

my birth, 'till finding myself despised by all, I checked the evil, and would not suffer myself to be subdued any longer.

THE older we grow the weaker we get; and as the stomach is more used than the other digestive organs, a retrenchment in solid food becomes absolutely necessary.

THOUGH some men live long that eat much, yet their old age is loathsome and wretched, and their last gasp is caught up with a struggle, not as one gently falling into a sleep.

WE are all human beings, and endowed with reason, consequently we are masters of all our actions; so that it is as cowardly to yield to our passions, as tamely to submit to be bullied by our inferiors.

THE passions, as has been said, may be conquered by abstinence: now, abstinence is reducible to two things, quality and quantity. The first consists in not eating food, or drinking wines prejudicial to the stomach; the second, in not eating, or drinking, more than the stomach can easily digest.

THESE few maxims will bring a man through life with the comfort of having pleased all, and benefitted himself: the fault, therefore, of proclaiming their excellence to the world, will be pardoned by those, who have reaped happiness from the effects of experience.

WHEN we bring ourselves to reflect on the lively manner in which this good man's precepts are written, with what a fatherly admonition he dictates to the unfortunate, and how gratefully he acknowledges the favours bestowed on him by providence, our hearts feel an instantaneous glow of admiration, and we lay aside the book with the determined idea of a reform,

FEW are willing to follow the advice given them by others; they look upon it as intended to throw a reflection on their understanding, and as an affront to the dignity of their nature; instruction is received as censure, and the good intention of a friend is misconstrued into presumption and impertinence. But when they read of infirmity converted into health and vigour, and are told of intemperance changing into longevity, a selfish motive rouses up their faculties, and each one studies with alacrity the means of protracting his existence. No counsel is more persuasive than that received from books, it is conveyed in a secret manner, and read at a time when no one is

at

at hand to mark the inflictions of guilt. The blush, thrown out by the expansive powers of conscience, is produced for the purpose of admonition, and passes on the reader for the intuitive workings of self accusation.

THE late Lord Treasurer Burghley in his precepts to his son, advises him, with that bluntness peculiar to himself, to *banish swinish drunkenness out of his house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and making no shew. He never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a dray-man, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man.* There is something so truly shocking in seeing a number of rational creatures met together for the purpose of intoxication, that for the sake of terrifying the rising progeny, it would be no bad thing if they were ever after to remain so. Fear might then cause a dissolution of assemblies of gross voluptuaries, and deter others from subscribing their names to a list of men famed only for their skill in habitual ebriety. The loss of a man's company, who not only ourselves but every one enjoys, is a sufficient cause of sorrow to force any one to a self-denial, unless he be so senseless as to prefer pain to pleasure: for what man of sound reason or reputation will risk the loss of either, by associating with men unable to add one single grain of information to the stock he already possesses? Were every man sensible of the many ridiculous speeches he made, and the extravagant postures in which he writhed his body, at a time when his brain was floating in the vapours of his liquor, the mirror would strike too glaringly to permit him ever to view the like again. He would become a convert to perpetual felicity; the wan check of debauchery would give place to the ruddy complexion of health; and the good example he set to the rest of his fellow creatures, would affix a name to his character, beyond the power of time to efface, or malignity to expunge.

By way of conclusion, it will be highly proper to remind the reader of the words of an inimitable poet, who, though partially fond of the bottle, could not forego the advice which every man of experience is in duty bound to give:

“ At

" At ne quis modici transfiliat munera Liberi,
 " Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
 " Debellata : monet Sithoniis non levis Evius,
 " Quum fas atque nefas, exiguo fine, libidinum
 " Discernunt avidi."

HOR. lib. i. Carm. 18.

" Yet that no one may pass
 " The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,
 " Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,
 " And the Thracians, whom wine can to madness inspire :
 " Infatiate of liquor when glow their full veins,
 " No distinction of vice, or of virtue remains."

FRANCIS.

G.

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